

DOWN IN THE OCEAN DEEPS

A Diver's Strange and Perilous Experience in a Wreck.

HEMMED IN BY SILVER BULLION

Seeking for Treasure Trove in the Southern Seas—Thrilling Incident in the Life of a Diver off the Florida Coast.

The danger of those who go down to the sea in ships has always been cited as the risky profession par excellence, but to the thoughtful mind it really does not hold a candle to the danger of those who go down in the sea to ships. However, the phrase quoted was made away back in the days of Solomon, and it is highly probable that they did not have dress divers in those days, notwithstanding his memorable boast about there being nothing new under the sun. The modern profession of dress diving is one of the most romantic and best-paying that men now follow, but the risks are such that it is one of the few trades that is not overworked. There are at present about twenty or thirty divers in the United States, the most of them foreigners who have drifted here from all quarters of the globe. Of the native Americans in the business, says the Washington Post, there are few who have had a wider experience than Harry Edwards, who is now in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, with the prospect of nearly a year's work before him under the abutments of the Long Bridge.

Edwards is a bronzed and hearty looking fellow, with no suspicion of the romantic or uncomical about him, but he has, to use his own words, seen sights, and can tell about them most entertainingly when, after working hours, he gets stretched out on the locker in his barge, with his favorite pipe abut as a source of inspiration.

One of his best stories is of an experience he had off the Florida coast while reclining the wreck of the Morgan line steamer Genesee, sunk in a northern off the Vaca Keys some years ago.

"It was my first trip down in the clear Southern ocean water," said he, "and it came near being my last. The vessel was under way on a regular bayonet reef of coral, the reef being straight, going down the perpendicular wall, catching the spars and rigging in the spreading branches of the reef and breaking it off in great masses as she went, finally coming to rest on the white sand of the ocean floor about ninety feet below. She had been down only about three months, but the warm, profuse water had worked such a transformation in her that I hardly knew her at first for a ship. She was covered with a rank growth of marine life, and the grasses in a trailing drapery that was simply magnificent. Green was the prevailing color—such a vivid, transparent green as even the youngest spring grass never takes on, and mixed with it were patches and streaks of brighter colors, red and purple that waved through the mass of green with the movement of the current.

"The hull of the wreck lay on its side with the deck of the upper part of the vessel tilted white coral, thus cutting off access to the hold through the hatches, for although the reef was not a solid wall, I did not dare to try crawling round to the hatches through any of the corker openings between the coral. A mass of coral trunks and branches for fear of getting hung up in the air hose or life line. It was almost as risky an undertaking to approach her through any of the small openings as to look down to the bottom, for the masts and what was left of the rigging had gone over on that side, forming a perfect avia with the interwoven jungle of grasses.

"However, I cut my way in through this mass, fringed with coral, and saw fishes from their retreats in the seaweed and wreckage, and steering as wide as I could of the nasty looking eels and water snakes that slowly writhed their way through the waving plumes of seaweed. As I neared the wreck I saw a lizard a yard long, with crooked claws and a regular crown of spines around his head, creep out of the hold and slunk away into the shadows, apparently very of the sight of a man, and I saw a looking monster than himself. I don't much blame him, for, on tearing up a piece of sponge from the bottom and rubbing the velvet green from the hull before me, I got a full length view of myself in the bright copper sheathing, and I don't wonder the lizard was disgusted. The great goggle eyes of the helmet, and the exaggerated breadth of chest and shoulder given by the breast plate and the inflated air sacs, made me look like a man formed by the air hose and life line trailing away behind, made one of the most grotesque visions I ever saw.

"The black, yawning hole in the side of the dead ship did not look inviting, and still less so as I stepped into the lower compartments, and I did not give much thought to the part of the hold where was stored the cargo of silver bullion that I was after. Cutting at the massive timbers under water was an endless task, so I set a dynamite cartridge to blast my way into the hold above, and then, retreating to the outside, waited for the explosion behind an angle of the reef without going to the surface. The blast came, and, though soundless, was like a blow upon the chest, and I was hurled, while from the hole in the wreck there rushed a blast of turbid water and sand and splinters, dimming the clear sea for miles around.

"Inside the hold the blast had wrought a transformation. The flooring of the middle deck had been torn away, bursting the bags of specie and sending a silver avalanche of coins and gold streaming down, almost filling the compartment, and overflowing through the opening in the bottom to the ocean floor outside, while through the hatches of the upper deck, to which a single shaft of light had touched, the mass of metal into life and brilliancy.

"Upon this mass of wealth I tramped with a luxurious feeling of sole proprietorship, sinking at every step over my big, weighted shoes in the coin of the realm. With the exception of iron shovels, the big hoisting bucket with its precious weight as though it had been cast and sent it swinging up toward the surface. Gradually I cleared the first compartment, which was filled chiefly with coin that had run down from the broken bags above, and, coming to the hole in the deck before me, I reached through, feeling out the heavier ingots by the shaft.

"Although the timbers had been shattered by the blast, the hole in the flooring was not very large, but I reached in and with my head and half my body through the opening was just pulling down a pile of treasure when I must have touched the keystone of the mass, for there was a sliding of the pile, and the loosened coils of money came

THE STORY OF A TRAGEDY

A Bloody Massacre Stains the Early Settlement of Nebraska.

FIVE CHILDREN SLAUGHTERED BY INDIANS

Terrible Revenge Visited by the Bereaved Father upon the Race Which Had Made Him Desolate—A Vow Written in Blood.

Upon the Missouri river, in the north-eastern part of Cedar county, close to the Dixon county line and nearly opposite Vermillion, S. D., is what is known as "Brook's bottom." This is a basis of land lying in the Missouri valley, shut in upon all sides by high bluffs. A considerable portion of the "bottom" is covered with a heavy growth of timber. It runs nearly due east and west, is about six miles long, its width varying from one to three miles. In conformation and extent it resembles the description given by travelers and historians of the famed plain of Marathon. Near the upper end of this basis or "bottom" is a spot, which for being the scene of a bloody deed may yet be memorable in poetry and song.

In the year 1839, according to a writer in the Blair Record, a young man and his newly married wife set out from Parkersburg, in what is now called West Virginia, to try their fortunes in the great west. The young man had scarcely attained his majority and his bride was a few years his junior. They belonged to the middle class, coming from the mountain regions of the old dominion. They were moving westward in the city of the corn palace. But advancing civilization drove them still onward, and in 1837 they settled in "Brook's bottom." They had been blessed with eight children; two of whom, by the untimely death of their father, had been left to be reared by their mother. They had accumulated a large property. They built a comfortable home upon this "squatter's claim." Here another son died (the first natural death in the county), and another was born to them. Their sorrow was merged in this new joy, and father, mother and children bent their united energies to the subduing of the forest. A happy future appeared to be before them. But, alas! sorrow was in store.

In September of 1862 Abraham Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, and when in the month following the president called for more troops with which to suppress the rebellion the heart of the young man, now 17, was deemed a sufficient protector for mother and children, and so the oldest enlisted as a soldier. The father joined company I, commanded by Captain John T. (afterwards a member of congress), and the company was ordered to join Sully's regiment, which was sent to Crow Creek, Dak.

On the 23d day of June, 1863, the mother had gone to Yankton, Dak., to express to purchase some of the little luxuries that serve to mellow the rough side of a frontiersman's life. Leaving the carrier at old St. James, the French voyager, he walked three miles through a ravine to her home. Arriving there with a mother's joyful expectation, she was alarmed at seeing no signs of life; no outstretched arms met her wailing; no mother's lips were upturned to receive a mother's cherished kiss. Looking through the window she saw an Indian lying upon the floor.

Tell-tale marks of gore were upon the floor. But they had no time to grieve, for the French voyager, he walked three miles through a ravine to her home. Arriving there with a mother's joyful expectation, she was alarmed at seeing no signs of life; no outstretched arms met her wailing; no mother's lips were upturned to receive a mother's cherished kiss. Looking through the window she saw an Indian lying upon the floor.

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RELIGIOUS

There are 30,000,000 church members in the country.

The French episcopate has applied to the pope to introduce during his jubilee the question of the canonization of Joan of Arc, and it is understood that the pope favors the suggestion.

In one of the Protestant Episcopal dioceses of Michigan a recent convention struck out the word "male" from the constitutional provision relating to the election of parish wardens and vestrymen.

The cornerstone of the new Episcopal cathedral at Laramie, Wyo., will be laid Tuesday, September 20. The completed building will cost about \$20,000 and will be the finest in the state.

The Young Men's Christian association of Middletown, Conn., has had a generous gift of \$2,000 from the Rev. H. Butler of the city. It has been proposed to increase the building fund from \$50,000 to \$60,000.

A negro living near Cherokee, Ga., owns a dog which attends all the religious meetings in the neighborhood, stands up and tries to follow in the singing and goes up to the altar with the rest of the members to be prayed for.

No clergyman can preach well, we are told, in whom there is a "lack of vital contact, all the way from the coronet to the granite pulpit or solitary desk. The most costly book in the world's edition is a sermon which is not read, but which is read in the heart of the hearer. In the year 1514 it is said that Jerome J. II refused to sell his *Horae* bible for more than 100 francs, and it is now sold for \$103,000.

The committee appointed to select a site for the proposed Catholic church at Yankton, S. D., has made a tour of the St. Lawrence river seeking a suitable location, and it is stated that the meeting, which began last Sunday at New London, Conn., and will continue until August 20.

The seventy-sixth annual report of the American Bible society shows that the cash receipts of the society for general purposes are \$50,327, and the total cash disbursement for general purposes, \$23,626. From legacies the aggregate amount received was \$127,983. The issues for the year at home and abroad were 1,355,190 copies of the scriptures.

A gospel paper, the gift of a wealthy New Yorker to Bishop Walker of the Episcopal diocese of New York, is to be published at Bismarck soon. It is to be called the Missouri Missioner and used for Christian work along the Missouri river for a distance of more than 500 miles. It will be a broad sheet, length and twenty-five in breadth.

There is undoubtedly lots of money in the coal mines, and the coal mines of the district, is a family firm on the prairies, enjoyed by Moody, General Booth, Sam Jones and others of the ilk. The subject is rather an interesting one just now, in view of the fact that the coal mines of the district, is a family firm on the prairies, enjoyed by Moody, General Booth, Sam Jones and others of the ilk.

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SOME MEN OF NOTE

Colonel Robert H. Crockett, democratic candidate for congress in the Sixth Arkansas district, is a grandson of the famous Davy Crockett.

Mr. Shiras, the new member of the supreme bench, is a cousin of James G. Blaine, since his mother has been a Blaine. This fact has just leaked out.

Mr. Cleveland is back at Gray Gables again, and the ash will proceed to nibble cigars. The campaign has not yet fairly opened for business.

Mr. Astor's income equals a regular flow of \$7,380 a minute. This is probably the reason why he never learned to recite "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse."

General Bidwell, the prohibition presidential candidate, had a barf' on him, in the official residence in Boston on October 15 next. Those of the descendants who propose going may signify the same to Dean Dudley of Wakefield, Mass., who has spent forty years in tracing the lineage of the family.

Marshall MacMahon will produce his long-expected memoirs in the course of the next sixteen months. They will comprise five volumes, divided into four parts. Each part will deal with one of the four important private secretary occasionally to hunt something. Among this stuff is a clock which will probably tick out a welcome to him ere long, as he occupies the mansion for the fourth time.

Cyrus W. Field was the oldest honorary member of the New York chamber of commerce. He was elected in 1858, after he had succeeded in laying the first cable. There have been only sixteen honorary members since the chamber was organized in 1795, so that the distinction is a high one. There are now ten honorary members, ex-President Cleveland, ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish, ex-Secretary William M. Everts, John Sherman, ex-Secretary Carl Schurz, John Bigelow, George William Clark, Thomas A. Edison, Judge Enoch Pauscher and William Road.

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THE MOST DECIDED BARGAINS

that are offered in men's and boys' clothing are those at the

CLOSING OUT

of Hellman's sack, cutaway and Prince Albert suits, in all colors and sizes, cut down for this sale to

1/2 PRICE. 1/2

Special bargains in men's furnishing goods, including hot weather shirts and neckties. We don't want them, you do.



Successors to M. HELLMAN & CO., Cor. 13th and Farnam

Cor. 13th and Farnam Streets.

COLUMBIA CLOTHING COMPANY

By Purchasing Goods Made at the Following Nebraska Factories. If you cannot find what you want, communicate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods.

Table listing various goods and manufacturers: AWNINGS, BASKETS, DYE WORKS, MATRESSES, RUBBER GOODS, SADDLERY, FLOUR, FURNITURE, ICE, CHAIRS, SOUTH OMAHA ICE CO., IRON WORKS, INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS, OMAHA SAFE AND IRON WORKS, OVERALLS, PRINTERS, KATZ-NEVINS CO., REED JOY PRINTING CO.

Pennroyal Diamond Brand Cigarettes advertisement with logo and text: PENNROYAL DIAMOND BRAND CIGARETTES. THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. Only Soft, Pure, and Reliable Fill for Sale.

The Latest CHICAGO STATIONERY

Our Writing-paper and Envelopes; Wedding Invitations; Reception Cards are sent at reasonable prices, anywhere in the United States. Send for samples. METCALFE STATIONERY COMPANY, 136 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

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